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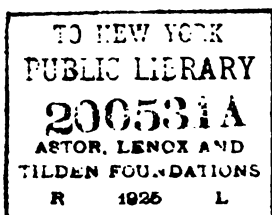
# TO LOVERS AND OTHERS

BY HARRY C. MORSE



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***"If thou wouldst know who loves thee best,  
'T is he most pleased at thy success :  
And him with whom success thou' st share,  
For that one doest thyself most care."***

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*Love's arms were wreathed about the neck of  
Hope,  
And Hope kiss'd Love, and Love drew in her  
breath  
In that close kiss and drank her whisper'd  
tales.  
They say that Love would die when Hope  
was gone.  
And Love mourn'd long, and sorrow'd after  
Hope;  
At last she sought out Memory, and they trod  
The same old paths where Love had walked  
with Hope,  
And Memory fed the soul of Love with tears.*

*—Tennyson*

**TO LOVERS AND  
OTHERS**

*Ask not of me, love, what is love?  
Ask what is good of God above;  
Ask of the great sun what is light;  
Ask what is darkness of the night;  
Ask sin of what may be forgiven;  
Ask what is happiness of heaven;  
Ask what is folly of the crowd;  
Ask what is fashion of the shroud;  
Ask what is sweetness of the kiss;  
Ask of thyself what beauty is.*

*—Bailey*



## TO LOVERS AND OTHERS

*By loving whatever is lovable in those around us, Love will flow back from them to us, and life will become a pleasure instead of a pain, and earth will become like heaven.—A. P. Stanley.*



**G**OD'S greatest gift to mankind is the power, and the privilege, without limitation, to love mankind. And it is by using this heritage that man attains to greater manliness. That is why it is God's greatest gift.

**¶** But for his power to love, man were but little in advance of the animal kind. Only in degree as men love one another are they making head toward higher planes of evolution. Planes of evolution are made of degrees of love.

To love, and to be loved, is as indispensable to the growth of man's higher self as food is essential to the development of his body. Loving is the leaven of living. God has made no substitute, nor permitted man to.


**¶** "Man has not imagination enough to



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## TO LOVERS AND OTHERS

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exaggerate the importance of love."  God's greatest gift to an individual is the privilege to love, and to be loved by, an individual—a lover. No other gift is so great as this. Without this love, a life can not be complete. No man or woman does his or her best alone. Deprived of the love of lover for lover, not only must the life of the individual be incomplete, but mankind in general will also sustain a loss for which there is no equivalent.

That lovers shall love, each the other, with all the loyalty of which they are capable, is a part of God's purpose. It is the blending of the love of lovers, each with the other, that begets in them a love for, and a new and deeper realization of, their indispensable oneness with mankind.

They come to realize "the delusion of thinking oneself apart from others—and all the needless torment that springs from it."

¶ It is not because of an insufficiency of love in the world to go round that more is not used—as with electricity, love may be

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## TO LOVERS AND OTHERS

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found in all climes—each is but awaiting conditions whereby its limitless power may be applied. To get from electricity the good it contains, that the many may profit, it is first, by fundamental principles, attracted to the dynamos, where it is made usable; it is from there, not sooner, that it goes forth to the many, a beneficent and living reality. Lovers are love-dynamos. Unused love is as worthless as ungenerated electricity. Neither becomes a power until used.

If the love you bear your lover begets not a love for mankind, that is in itself sufficient proof that it is of too weak a voltage to be of value. The depth of your gratitude, in appreciation of this greatest of God's gifts, is determined by the amount of good-will toward mankind it engenders in your breast.

¶ And in proportion as your love for mankind enlarges, in that ratio will your love for an individual become of increased worth to him or her.

It was loving a lover that brought out the best in men during past ages, and it will be

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## TO LOVERS AND OTHERS

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loving a lover that will bring out the best in men through the ages to come. Only by the love of a lover can the best in a man be brought out; it is not reachable by other than a lover; he himself knows not of it until, like a rare and exquisite sunrise, there breaks upon his horizon an interpretation of life aglow with a meaning new to him, bearing the wondrous message that he is loved; he! yes, and more! he is loved because he is as he is. A high and determined desire to become worthy of that greatest of compliments takes possession of him; he must prove equal to so splendid a responsibility, so sacred a confidence; the being entrusted with the very self of another—a trust doubly binding because the breaking of it by either must prove disastrous to both. Not only will he guard most zealously this highest of trusts with which he has been honored, but straightway he will set about developing his hitherto neglected talents, thereby increasing his value, that he may have more of merit to present to her in appreciation of her

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## TO LOVERS AND OTHERS

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love; besides, here is one who cares—one who will be as pleased as he himself at his success—and he asks no other reward than her recognition of his worth. Her esteem of his ability is his incentive—the one great requisite to achievement.

When encountering obstacles that would exhaust his supply of courage, had he but his own to draw upon, she stands ready and eager to add to his strength the power of her love, thereby doubling his resources and enabling him to overcome the difficulty that, alone, he must have left unsurmounted.

He will do still more than improve his talents—a greater thing: for her sake he will develop those qualities that make for manliness, the most highly valued of all gifts that may be laid at Love's shrine. He will wear her in his heart, and the setting must be worthy of the jewel it clasps. He is astonished at the splendid resources he possesses with which to increase his manliness—resources he had not known were his.

The low joke at which yesterday he laughed

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## TO LOVERS AND OTHERS

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seems only coarse today, and by no other sign do men show their character more plainly than by what they think laughable.

¶ Magic-like, the world has become a most attractive place in which to live now, at the present time, as was intended by its Maker, and not merely a place in which to get ready to live in a distant and vague future—promise of Heaven hereafter never implied that it should not be commenced here and now. God's hills and valleys have taken on a new beauty—a charm that hitherto had escaped him. The birds and brooks sing more sweetly; the blue of the sky seems bluer, the flowers more fragrant, people kindlier ☪ ☪

It is the seeing eye and the feeling heart, into which a new and strange thing has entered, that have brought about this wondrous difference, and increased a hundredfold the joy of living and the value of life. God's world has not changed. Who would fully see, Love must be behind his eyes.

¶ The recipient of his lover's love may be

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## TO LOVERS AND OTHERS

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likened to a deep, clear pool fed by the sweet waters of a mountain stream. It is not only kept pure and clean and at high-water mark but there is a continual overflow, due to the inflow. If either pool or lover is to give forth his best, the inflow must never cease. In truth, it is the inflow that overflows. The overflow from the pool goes on its way, giving of itself to the thirsty land, making fertile meadow and field that otherwise must have been parched and barren. So it is with the lover; the sweet, pure flow of love supplied by his beloved so fills him with a big, generous love-feeling toward all mankind, and dumb animals, that he could not hold back the overflow if he would, and he would not if he could; for he finds that the more he sends it forth by sharing it with the love-starved world, the greater is the inflow—the more he lives each day; and those with whom it is shared pass it on and are the happier thereby, and it spreads as do the circles from a pebble tossed into a pond. In turn, as the rose is nourished into beauty

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by the warmth of the summer's sun, without which it must needs be deprived of its fullest possibilities, so, the love he sends out to his beloved awakens deep in her nature a womanliness of which hitherto she had been unaware. To her has come the gift of priceless value, that only the love of a lover can bring. The old earth, were it but half so beautiful she would exchange for none other, were that love not there. What had seemed commonplace is now filled with meaning. Work, once monotonous and dreary, is not thought of as work at all; with light step, she sings, unconsciously, as she goes about it, and her full, rich heart, aflood with love, not only goes out to the poor, and the unfortunate, and the unworthy, but with a new tenderness bathes the flowers and the trees and all of God's great out-of-doors. It is the overflow. What but love could have wrought so marvelous a miracle? Of all miracles, what other ever was so miraculous and splendid and of such needed benefit to the human race.

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## TO LOVERS AND OTHERS

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Were it not that the pool could overflow, it would only be made stagnant by its full banks; and could not the love of lovers overflow, then they had been deprived of that pleasure of pleasures—the sharing of their love of mankind. The pleasure we receive is what we have given, returning. Dividing happiness doubles it.

The reason why “all the world loves a lover” is because a lover loves all the world. But one thing could be sadder than not to be loved; lack of desire to love.

Love is the greatest man-builder ever known. It is greater than all those things that combine to tear men down. And manliness is the greatest and only, winner of love ever known. It will do more than all else toward gaining the love of another and it is the only thing that will win respect of self.

Since for love men become eager to develop their talents; since the love of a lover inspires man to increase his manliness; since it is loving and being loved that changes existing to living—that he most



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lives who loves most; since by being deprived of love, life takes on an apathy indifferent to, and incapable of achievement; since success, so called, when void of love, is failure; since love is the incentive that skills the hand, deepens the heart, broadens the mind, brings out all that is best in men and shames all that is bad; and since like attracts like in the world of love as it does in the world of lesser things, then it is of most vital import that the love with which you would attract to yourself the love of another be of the highest possible standard.

¶ "A man can not touch his neighbor's heart with anything less than his own." The exchange of money or lands or accomplishments for love has always proven, and must always prove, a dismal failure.

Love will have no substitute. Only the love that loves for Love's sake can Love tolerate. Love given or accepted in exchange for aught but love is spurious. Love says, "Use of me for my sake and most welcome, that I too shall be enriched; but do not barter for me,

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## TO LOVERS AND OTHERS

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else in obedience to the law by which I exist must I resent the affront and desert the offender."

"Love thrives only so long as no records are kept. The lightest breath of barter blights it, and from every endeavor to bind it with rule, it escapes like a spirit."

Love has decreed that the one and only medium of exchange that will be accepted in return for the love of another is *character*. And as Nature has so planned that only like shall attract like—that only characters of a like degree of excellence shall be congenial—then as sure as the sun rises and sets will the standard of love attracted to you be determined by the standard of your character. ¶ And a fundamental law, the comprehending of which is indispensable to the finder of truth, says, "Though love be lavished upon you in unlimited measure, you can not claim ownership to, nor be nourished by, nor be in any way benefited by one whit more of that joy-laden love than your character will measure up to." The law governing this

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truth is no less infallible than is that which holds the stars in their places.

"The supreme happiness of love is the conviction of being loved for yourself." To love is to give your *self* to the one beloved—not your effects, title, or pedigree. You can give no more than you are, and the standard of your character is what you are; it is *you*. Your capacity to receive love is gauged in the same way. Though submerged in an ocean, a sponge can absorb only so much of that ocean as its size will permit. No more can you, though you be loved with a love as limitless as the seas, receive more of that love than your character will encompass. Nor, like the sponge, can you give forth more than you are capable of taking in. There are two reasons why you can not possess more of another's love than the equivalent you can give in return:

First, beyond your own ability to love, the meaning of love will be vague and incomprehensible to you; as with any other language, the language of love will be

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unintelligible to you beyond your own vocabulary ❧ ❧

Secondly—a subtle reason—should you attempt to appropriate more of love than you know to be your due, straightway an inner and accusing voice will mock at you, and the satiric sting in that mocking will take from the love not due you the joy it had contained for you were you entitled to it. When love, which until awakened lies latent in every soul, is awakened in your soul, there will be aroused at the same time within your breast a grim, mighty and peremptory something that tells you how utterly useless it is to attempt to appropriate more of love than you know yourself to merit. You might as well try to make a gallon-measure hold a gallon and a drop. That grim giant tells you (and with an authority you do not presume to question) that you may have only the love due you, and that the love due you is in exact proportion to that which you have to give, and that that which you have to give is what you

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are—it is you. ¶ When you reach the limit of your character, you will have exhausted your resources wherewith to love another or to possess another's love.

Ability to love and to be loved does not come gratuitously; it is an achievement; it is an effect resultant from a cause. To be capable of the ownership of a big love, you must *be* big. You must be your *own cause*.

It is the extent of your reach that decides how much you may take. It is the power behind the artist's brush that determines the beauty of the picture wooed to his canvas. The picture is but awaiting conditions akin to its worth. And give to the hand of the musician great skill, and lo! at his touch comes music of like merit to voice the recognition of his superiority. "The Aeolian must be in your breast, else the winds are in vain."

Should you claim worthiness of more of another's love than you know yourself to have the capacity to requite with Love's equivalent, immediately that austere and

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mighty something will confront you with the lie, and to rid yourself of him—or rather of his censure (for of him you can not be rid)—by preference you will relinquish all claim to love not rightfully yours, relinquishment being the lesser punishment.

As undeserved praise is to the ear as the sound of scoffing, then as much more scathing will be the satire of undeserved love as to be loved is higher than all other forms of praise ♡ ♡

The door through which love may come to you is opened or closed automatically, according as your sterling worth has made you deserving; and the doorkeeper, the owner of that inner voice, can not be deceived, bribed, or cowed into silence by you ♡ ♡

If there are secrets in your heart you would not have known to your lover, then must you forfeit as much of your lover's love as otherwise would flood the space occupied by those secrets. They are like the hard fungous growths embedded in the sponge

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when in its native state, which, according to the room they occupy, prevent the sponge from absorbing as much as otherwise it would of the nourishing waters on which its life depends.

On the other hand, by using the character building material that lies latent within your heart, you will thereby have enlarged your heart-space, and Love will enter in and fill such space, as surely as air must rush in and fill a vacuum. The law that makes us laugh at things laughable and cry at things sad makes us love that which is lovable.

Nor, try as you may, can you love that which is unlovely. Love's guardian says, "No! lest you destroy the law that governs the just distribution of love, and lest the necessity of giving value received in return for love were made unnecessary, and thereby love were made less rare."

In determining your capacity to possess of love, you must pass for what you are. A reservoir with a crevice in its side can hold no water above that point. Your resources

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wherewith to receive of love will depend on the defects in your character. It is not that your lover may discover the flaws (hence give sparingly of his or her love) that will deprive you of love. What will cheat you of love is your dejected and self-condemned self that must needs stand in mute helplessness and see that priceless thing which you might have had, escape, as it were, through the leaks in your character. They are inner conditions, not outer, that determine your supply. Heartsick at the truth confronting you, you will clutch at the vanishing love in your attempt to retain it, but it will elude your grasp as water escapes through your closing fingers. You have not the qualifications necessary to Love's requirements, and to claim a love not rightfully yours would be comparable to theft, and would thereby add another defect.

With the awakening of Love comes the dawn of that unmistakable, unavoidable knowledge that for the love you would possess, you must give its equivalent; that thus



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## TO LOVERS AND OTHERS

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only is the possession of Love possible for you. A time has come in your life when you must stand face to face with yourself.

One soul there is that knows me as I am,  
Reads each pretense, sees through each  
futile sham;

Goads me with scorning lip, with laughter  
dry,

And dogs me night and day—My Better I.

That you be not unfairly dealt with in allotting the portion of love due you, God placed the judge in your own breast, saying, "I had none fitter to judge thee," knowing that sooner or later, by your own hand, you will drag to the light that which robs you of love, crying, "Let me pay the price, that I may no longer carry the hateful thing about."

¶ Secrets unkeep themselves; the conscience throws them off—just as wine, in the process of fermentation, rids itself of its impurities.

If you would know how much love you might rightly ask of another, turn your eyes toward your inner self and note the superior, hence

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lovable, qualities you possess—and the lack of them. Then suppose the same qualities, and the same lack of them, to belong to one whom you would love. The love you can feel for such a one will determine the portion of love you could justly ask of another.

¶ It will have become clear to you that the sweet of life is made sweet only by having earned it, and that the bitter is made bitter by having deserved it. And sooner or later it will also have become apparent that this law was made simply and wholly for your advancement ☸ ☸

So wisely did God plan His laws for the betterment of mankind that He put it beyond His power to prevent a man from being punished to the full extent or to cause him to be punished more than is justly due.

¶ In order that God's purpose (the great plan whereby man shall ever enlarge his manliness) may be carried out, man must attain a plane of understanding from which he can see that those things of worth to which he is entitled at any time—today, tomorrow,

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or a thousand years hence—are and will be the result of, and in keeping with, whatever of worth he has built into himself prior to that moment.

With the awakening of love, which must include the awakening of manhood, you find yourself, as it were, before a flawless mirror wherein you are reflected as one transparent, and you see yourself, not as you may appear to others, but as you are, and peering back through the years into your past, the disfigurations you behold are the result of, and compare in size with, the traits that cause them, and these traits may range in degree of unsightliness from petty ill-temper to the most atrocious, including selfishness, ingratitude, disloyalty, malice and on down the long character-lowering list.

You will recognize, unaided, the blemishes belonging to you. Be it said that silently accepting credit due another, or withholding praise and encouragement deserved by others, are among the most despicable of

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acts. "Truth can be outraged by silence quite as cruelly as by speech." ¶ With the awakening of love, you comprehend what is meant by your birthright—the right to be a man and to have all that is due a man; and you note that to have all that is due a man, you first must be a man. You discover that something can not be had for nothing. When you have become a man, you will decline an offer of something for nothing. You will know the price is too great.

You may still be loved, even though the defects in your character are known to those who love you, but you can not escape the humiliating knowledge that you are loved out of pity, and that your birthright calls for man-love, not pity-love. When you allow yourself to be loved out of pity, you are accepting odds; and the embarrassing feature of accepting odds is that you can not rid yourself of that belittling knowledge. Though caressed by loving fingers, the harp-string that has a flaw can not respond. It is only the love to which you can respond

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that will satisfy. It is the outgoing that stills the heart's cry. ¶ If two persons who are joined in love—and they can be really joined in no other way and are only as truly united as their love is true—if two whom love has joined fail to draw from love all the joy and benefit it holds for them, it is not love itself that is at fault. You may be scarred by the friendly fire that warms your frozen body back to life, but it will not be the fire that is to blame.

Failure to derive from love to the full the good it contains for those whom it has united is due to the fact that one or both concerned have failed to live up to their highest and noblest ideals of love, and thereby have disobeyed those laws to which strict adherence is essential if one would attain supreme and lasting love. Forfeited love is the penalty demanded by Nature for disregard of her laws. *To have broken the law is the punishment.* "We are punished<sup>x</sup> by our sins, not *for* them."

Nature does not say, "You must not;"

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## TO LOVERS AND OTHERS

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but rather, "If you do, you must pay the price, for it is beyond my power to make it less." Nature does not argue. It is I who puts distance between myself and God; not He that recedes from me.

Love can enter only where conditions are as prescribed by the law that protects and makes love possible. Love speaks but one language—hence the uselessness of addressing her in another tongue.

Only where honor and loyalty are, and open-hearted frankness and trust, can Love abide. No item of respect to Love may be omitted and Love not feel the hurt.

And of the conditions having to do with the duration of Love's stay with you, not the least is that you be not neglectful of frequent marks of esteem and appreciation and affection. It is by these tokens that Love is assured of her welcome. Without this continuous reassurance, Love will grow pale and will become disheartened, even as a flower will fade and droop when deprived of daily light and warmth.

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## TO LOVERS AND OTHERS

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As timid as an Indian maiden is Love; she must be made aware that she is wanted or she will question whether it be so.

Love must feel that she is necessary to you, else, because of her modesty, silently and sad, she will go away, lest she intrude; but with what happy willingness will she remain, if, by the many little proofs Love alone knows so well, she is often told she is needed. A thousand costly gifts can not bring to Love a gladness equal to the joy of just being needed; nor does Love ask nor desire costly gifts; so little a mark of loyalty to her as the presentation of a rose to your beloved, for Love's sake, will cause Love, in appreciation, to creep, fairylike, into your loved one's heart, and with a touch of her wondrous wand, that heart, even though it be heavy and affrighted with uncertainty, will become light and radiant with happy assurance, and the message that comes back to you from the love-light in the eyes of the loved one is what you have given—returning.

**THE ACQUIRING OF  
CHARACTER**



*Every man has at times in his mind the ideal of what he should be, but is not. This ideal may be high and complete, or it may be quite low and insufficient; yet in all men that really seek to improve, it is better than the actual character. \* \* \* Man never falls so low that he can see nothing higher than himself.*

*—Theodore Parker*



## THE ACQUIRING OF CHARACTER

*This above all; to thine own self be true,  
And it must follow as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.*

—Shakespeare.



**I**F I would be true to mine own self, then must I do unto myself as I would have others do unto me. If it were possible for another to do unto me that which would lower the quality of my character, as a thief might reach into my pocket and relieve me of valuables, I should have just cause to be highly indignant; yet, with no thought of indignation, by every character-destroying act, from ill-temper on down the list, I do unto myself that which robs me of character and brings the blush to the cheek of my better self.

Character can be taken from me only as I release it. "So high as a tree aspires to grow, so far will it find an atmosphere suited to it."

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Were man prevented from lowering his character by a power other than his own, then there were no way whereby to judge his strength. And were there no low and no high in character, then there were no means by which to say on what plane a man stands, or in what direction he is moving.

The building of a character may be likened to the making of a phonograph-record. A character is as helpless to be other than its owner sees fit as is the wax disk powerless to reject that which is imprinted on its surface; and, just as in the reproduction of a phonograph-record, every sound, whether discordant or not, must repeat true to the original; likewise when an inventory of my past is taken, must every act stand true to the motive behind it. True, my friends, through their bigness of heart, may make allowances for my weaknesses, even as, out of politeness, one hears a faulty record through without complaint, but I have to accept from those who love me the humiliating odds of their charitableness.

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It might be asked—"What about the pain one suffers because of conditions not due to one's own act?" What I suffer because of conditions not due to my own act, and not in my power to prevent by my own act—a manly attempt to right the wrong—I suffer with a clear conscience, a conscience free from after-bitterness, which is tranquil peace, compared to the troubled, guilty conscience; and I shall note that the suffering caused me by others has left no unsightly scars. Those scars will have returned to their source as does the boomerang come back to him who threw it.

When I do that which brings to my better self a sense of shame, I attach, leechlike, to my character a fungus that deadens the true heart-ring; and such joy, otherwise full and resonant, as may enter that heart must needs take on the same dull tone. Not when I desist from wrongdoing through a fear of being found out by others, have I done aught of which to be proud, but only when I desist because I would not have

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myself discover that I am not man enough to keep from that which I know beforehand will lessen my self-respect, have I made head. Though behind bars, a rogue is not caught until he catches himself. It's "when the fight begins within himself that a man's worth something."

Big meaning is contained in the three little words: *Be, Not Seem*. What I seem—reputation—is what men know of me. What I am—character—is what I know of myself. Reputation may be bought; character never, though it may be sold, but not for compensation enough to recompense the seller.

By seeming I may deceive others for a time, but never myself for the fraction of a second. And so long as I but *seem*, so long will my seeming deprive me of the things that only by being may I possess.

And were I to do a big and noble act, or rather play the part, with the view of receiving a reward other than the great privilege of being big and noble, immediately an inner voice will accuse me of the deception,

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and will inform me that my seeming bigness is littleness—that the desire for the reward has killed the genuineness of the deed; that it is not bigness, but bartering.

If we would realize how great is the privilege of being big and noble, let us try to imagine ourselves denied that boon—compelled as it were, by some fiendish power, to turn a deaf ear, though hearing, to the deepest cry of our nature—that never-silent yearning toward nobleness that in every man pleads for expression; a cry that must be heeded if we would climb to greater heights. In a word, let us picture ourselves—were so inhuman a condition conceivable—denied the right to give vent to the love that surges in our breast, begging to be set free and about its mission; such a curse alone, taking not into account the self-impoverishment that must needs accrue thereby, would be a literal hell more terrible than the imaginative Inferno of which we have read.

The reward for being big is the increase in manliness that comes and clings to, and

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becomes a part of him who heeds that inner pleading. The reward for being big is knowing how. Again, let us imagine ourselves chained to a master having power not only to prevent us from giving vent to our love, but also to compel us against our will to conduct ourselves in a manner that would make us unlovable, and from which we should shrink in rebellion.

Were we enslaved by a power so cruel and void of human feeling, we should implore God for deliverance. And we should cry to Him, "If Thou wilt but endow us with the right to pour out our love as we will; and the right to turn from those things the doing of which must needs lessen our loveliness; if Thou wilt grant to us the privilege to do as we would be done by; then Thou wilt indeed have given to us a heaven than which we will ask none better."

Where commonplace fairness leaves off, bigness begins. To go half-way toward righting a wrong, for which perhaps I am half to blame, is but commonplace fairness.

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I could not do less without being in the wrong; but to go three-quarters—or all the way—is to prove my bigness and to have made character. He who forgives, not he who is forgiven, has made head by the act.

¶ The one thing more tenacious than life itself is the impelling desire for better and bigger life. It is true that by complying with this inner voice you sometimes cast pearls before swine. When, through your bigness of heart, you give more of yourself to another than he is capable of understanding, and because of his ignorance he takes advantage of your bigness, then it is that you have cast pearls before swine. Occasionally this is the price paid for bigness; yet the manliness gained by the attempt will compensate for the otherwise wasted pearls. If we lose, we win. Nor are we asked to give repeatedly to the same swine, lest we make of them worse swine; but were we too cautious of our pearls we should miss many opportunities to give when the potential recipients were in sore need of our gift—



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and when we, mayhap, were in sore need of giving ☛ ☛

Should a kind word or deed seem unappreciated, none the less would he who did the act or gave the word be profited thereby; just as a seed, though it lie many days before it bear fruit and though the time of planting be forgotten, yet will it bear. Kind acts, words or thoughts can not be wasted. They are as indestructible as sunshine. And while it is quite true that once spoken, words can not be recalled, and hence the wisdom of thinking well before speaking, yet there are times, as important, when 't were well to speak before thinking, should thinking deter us, through reticence, from giving a pleasant and friendly greeting for fear it might not be wanted—as one perchance might persuade himself that because he is obliged to walk, he who rides is no longer in need of the friendly word of him who walks. Riding, and its accompaniments, would never be a substitute for evidence of the walker's friendliness. Without it, riding

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were too dreary; if not—if the rider be indifferent—then too much riding has wrought mischief. "I may withstand the test of going without, but shall I withstand the test of having?"

And no more a duty is it that we be fair to others than that we be fair to ourselves. He who continually underrates himself is as discourteous to his Maker as if he continually belittled any other of God's children. Belittling thoughts, as do all others, continued in, become a part of us. In time we come to believe them, and to act the part. "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings." Bigness begets bigness, not only in ourselves, but in those to whom we are examples, and, whether we would or not, each of us is an example to those about us. "That which we are," says Emerson, "we shall teach; not voluntarily, but involuntarily." And Lowell writes, "Be noble, and the nobleness that lies in other men, sleeping but never dead, will rise in majesty to meet

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thine own." ¶ That man shall ever increase his manliness, it was so planned that whatsoever he acquire at the sacrifice of character will not only fail to give him pleasure, but instead, as a warning—not unfriendly—it shall torment him, that he may take heed not to repeat that which will retard his growth ❧ ❧

When, in dealing with another, a man employs methods that would cause him to scorn another were he to discover that another had employed like methods in dealing with him, then to the degree that he would feel scorn for that person does his better self already scorn him; for it is the same better self that is incensed at the lack of manliness in the act of another, and a better self can show no partiality, even to him with whom it makes its abode; and the inescapable punishment of him who, by his greed for gain, has brought upon himself the scorn of his higher self, is, that day after day he shall face the disgust of that self, shamefacedly admitting the dwarfed dimen-

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sions of his stature as a man. Not only must he acknowledge his inferiority, but he must live it; he *is* it; he, *himself*, is his punishment. He can not feel a superiority he does not possess, any more than he can feel the warmth of a garment worn by another; and so long as he remains at that low level, which voluntarily he has chosen, there is no way by which he may come into possession of the manly and splendid independence acquired by him who would not stoop to like methods, and therefore can meet the clear eye of his better self unashamed and with head erect. And he who, without apologies, can meet the steady eye of his better self, can meet the eye of any man, be he king or peasant, high or low—an achievement not purchasable with gold.

And if the methods by which a man acquires gold prevent him from meeting, with head erect, and unashamed, the clear eye of his higher self, then has he voluntarily chained himself, a slave, to a grim and grinning master of his own making, who for the

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hundreth time had told him he was a fool; and when the time comes that he must part from the gold, he will still possess the methods by which it was accumulated—they will be a part of him.

And that man who is his own punishment may be likened to the lawyer who defends a client whom he knows to be guilty, thereby making himself guiltier than him whom he defends, for he is not only defrauding justice (man's), but he is encouraging wrongdoing; or, it may be the man who poses as a statesman, being only a politician the while; or, it may be one who, knowing how, yet, lest he lose favor with his hearers, desists from preaching that which will shorten the life of superstition, the same being a growth on men's minds that may be likened to the barnacles that attach themselves to ship's hulls, and which, though the operation be laborious and painful, must be scraped off before either men or ships can meet the requirements intended by their designer. And the fungus once removed,

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neither could be induced to return to the old conditions. Or, it may be the merchant who "works off" on a country woman an inferior and shopworn garment, attired in the like of which he would not have his wife or daughter appear in public, to himself excusing the act by use of the excuseless excuse that if he did n't some one else would; or, it may be that one who hovers, vulture-like, ready to buy at an unfair price from a neighbor (and we are all neighbors) who because of misfortune is forced to sell; or, it may be just one who is not a man and knows it—it is the *knowing* it. Whatever his profession, no man is exempt from its accompanying opportunities to resort to fraud or littleness, or from the cost to him thereof ♣ ♣

To think that the money obtained by so called sharp bargains can buy the equivalent of that which is forfeited by the sharpness is a delusion; of the two, it is he who drives the bargain that is fooled by his cunning. The use, in his acquiring, of such methods

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as make a man lose the respect of his higher self, results in the payment of a price for which the thing bought has no compensative value.

Many men would gladly rid themselves of the possessions for which they exchanged character, whether under pretence of legal right, or otherwise obtained, could they by so doing rid themselves of the way in which they acquired them. And the man who has long turned a deaf ear to that inner call for the finer, and the bigger, and the better things—things not on sale for a money price—will one day not only ask himself if what he has attained has proven a fair exchange for what it cost, but again listening for the "call" he will turn sick at the silence; too long unheeded the voice will have ceased. The desire will have become discouraged, and will have lost its zest.

Because the mills of the gods grind slowly, they grind not less small! Because man's laws are fooled by man's cunning is not a reason that God's may be! As if the price

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could go unpaid, and God be God! As if, when man has found himself he would have these laws otherwise! As if a man's salvation could be his own worked out by other than himself! As if it could be worked out at all by any method other than the use of the reasoning power God gave him for the sole purpose that with it he himself reason himself ahead!

He who can not reason is a fool;  
Who will not is a bigot;  
Who dare not is a slave.

To ascertain my true stature as a man, the issue is not "By what title are you known?" nor "What is your vocation?" nor "The name of your creed?" but instead, "How genuine a You are you—How true a Self?" "How much Real remains after the 'make-believe' is deducted?" Not, "How many prayers have you said?" but, "How many of your prayers have you answered to the best of your ability?" Not, "How much have you?" but, "How much *are* you?" Such will be the questions put to find out my true



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worth, and I shall be informed by the judge within my breast that the amount of genuineness to which I may lay claim has been determined—and with mathematical precision—in degree as I know, deep down in my heart, that I have done unto others as I would that others had done unto me had conditions been reversed; that I shall have made myself as loyal and genuine a Self as would naturally result from my having been true to the convictions of my own highest thoughts, though they may differ from the highest thoughts of another, and though my thoughts of today may differ from those of yesterday, be they my highest. "The vows of ignorance are not binding upon enlightenment." I shall be as big and as generous as I have been generous and big with what I had—were it much or little. What I did with the chance I had, and the motive for so doing—a truer proof—must be the test. I shall be as little, narrow and undesirable a companion to others—and to myself—as I have made myself by striving

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for self-gain to the exclusion of the rights of others—the same rights I should demand for myself were I in their place. I shall be lovable in just the measure that I have loved for Love's sake. I shall reap after the kind I have sown.

There will be no need of bolted doors to debar me from the places I am not fitted to enter. My unfitness will be the only barrier necessary. To gain admission before the obstruction is removed would liken me to one with defective sight who had entered an art-gallery, only to find the pictures a meaningless blur; and though none but myself be aware of my defects, the penalty will be no less severe. In the true sense, ridding myself of unfitness is not that I may enter the desired places (namely, higher degrees of perfection), but that those conditions may enter me.

The music of a symphony orchestra will sink as deep into the soul of each individual listener as that soul has been made deep. It will find its own way as far into each

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individual heart, taking with it its message, as the owner of that heart is capable of interpreting the meaning the composer would convey. Not the individual enters the music, but the music the individual, as does Honor, and Character, and Love, and Heaven and Hell. Conditions all, are these, none are places, and I venture that Love and Heaven will be found so near akin that it is doubtful if the one be discernible from the other. Safe be it that where Love is not, there Heaven will not be.

And possess you conditions that will bring about Heaven, you will be content were you in a place, though its name be Hell. And if your heart be corroded with the opposite of these conditions, then there is no place, though it were called Heaven, the entering of which will bring you peace—a condition not in the Great Universe attainable by any means save loyalty to the highest principles.

¶ And be it said that each individual, if he will have either, must make his own heaven or hell, for none but him possesses the

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necessary power. And there will be as many heavens and hells as there are individuals. And they will not merge and become as one heaven, or one hell, common to all, but always yours will be yours and mine will be mine, as with Honor, and Character, and Love, and the music of a symphony orchestra.

¶ And the great, limitless, invisible source whence come conditions that bring about Heaven and Love and Nobleness is as near to us, and as free to us, as is the air that brushes our cheek when we walk; whether we walk in the city's crowded, noisy street, or alone on the silent lonely plains, or whether we climb through layers of clouds to the highest mountain peak.

“Raise the stone and thou shalt find me; Cleave the wood and there am I.” The Promised Land is within, awaiting to be entered, awaiting the blazing of the trail leading thereto. And as it is within, the trail thither is within. And the axe with which we blaze is Reason, our Compass, Love. And you must cut your way, and I, mine. There

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is no outer and ready-made highway, open to the rabble. Too easy of attainment, Paradise were cheapened. And when, as I press on opening farther the way, I come upon that for which I search, it will be myself that I shall have found. And there is naught else the finding of which is so vital to me. God so decreed. And I will push on, and on, and on, and I shall find better and bigger selves of mine awaiting my coming. The "Land" in the vastness of its resources is as unbounded as is Space and Time. And he who has pressed far into this "Land of Promise" has had revealed unto him much of truth, for on in this "Land" dwells truth. And for each new truth his search has revealed unto him he must needs have discarded, as it were, a corresponding amount of ignorance, or superstition, for the law of cause and effect says that in degree as truth enters, error must go, as do shadows fade away when light, with its silent, mighty power creeps in. And though there be among his mistaken beliefs those long,

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and devotedly cherished ; beliefs the parting with which would seem to leave him with no place whereon to stand, yet, but a little while and he perceives the unquestionable gain he has made by having added unto his store of truth and thereby widened the scope of his mind. Such as he could well be likened to the child who, though sorely grieved when Truth so ruthlessly takes from him his childish but sincere belief in a Santa Claus, yet finds his compensation in that now, on the question of Saint Nicholas, at least, he stands on an equal footing with "grown people"—a compensation he would not trade back for the former cherished illusions   ••  ••

Not during all the ages has man exchanged a belief for one having in it more of truth than that which he let go, but he has made head by the act. And had not these exchanges been made all through the ages the present generation would be no farther advanced than was the first, for Truth stands for advancement. They go hand in

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hand, and they spell Freedom, a word than which there is no other more sacred to mankind—a word for whose meaning, if needs be, men give their lives, and should, for without it they are slaves, and have ceased to go forward.

Though it is the sincerity with which one worships, rather than how, or what he worships, that determines the amount of genuineness in his desire to do right, as he sees it, yet the more the object of his devotion be permeated with superstition the greater is it to be regretted, because that to which he is giving his best is that much farther removed from truth, the possession of which is the only reward worthy of one's best effort. And the lamentable fact remains that, though it were most sincere, the years of spent loyalty can not be refunded; hence the urgent advisability of using one's highest, deepest, and broadest reason in determining his course in his search for truth. And the observant and earnest searcher will detect that the ideal

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toward which he is striving is not fixed and stationary, but that its boundaries widen as his reason and discernment expand. Just as one's view enlarges as one climbs higher up the mountain slope. Man can pay no greater tribute to Him who gave to man that mighty power, named reason, than that to the uttermost of his ability he wield it. For just as legs were given to man that he might walk and not crawl, so was he given the power to reason to enable him to hew his way through the jungle of ignorance.

Were promise of Heaven only to be fulfilled in a hereafter, then Heaven were always one world ahead of us—a "next world." Eternity is not less eternity now and here than it was a thousand centuries back, or will be a billion hence. And at no time in eternity will there be other than the ever-present now. "All time is made up of a succession of nows."

And nowhere in my sojourn through the Here or the Hereafter shall I find myself other than surrounded ever by the impen-



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eternal walls of an inescapable Present. A present and myself I can not evade. And if I would that my song should mount to a climax of lofty height in the Far-away then must I give of my best to its composition while journeying thither.

The character I may be dreaming of will not do for present needs. Nor yet because I have built my character to a certain height does it follow that my responsibility ends for the time being, and that I may go away for a space and leave my character, so to speak, and conduct myself in a manner I should not want known, and then come back and find my character as I left it, as I might were I building a barn instead of a man. My character will follow me closer than my shadow.

¶ When living a double life, a man's peace of mind is governed by the lower life. And he who prides himself upon having so hardened his conscience that he no longer is tormented by the censure of that inner and self-accusing voice has, by the same process of hardening, also benumbed his sensibility

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to the higher and finer things of life—the things that make being of mankind so wonderful a heritage. He can not “escape the consequences of self-betrayal,” and “postponement of sentence simply compounds its severity.”

And he who puts aside his highest convictions to prevent the estrangement of friend or lover, or to escape a lesser form of suffering, will by so doing bring upon himself a punishment greater than that which he sought to avert. And in the end he will have lost the respect of friend or lover, and each day on meeting the clear eye of his other self he will flinch. But hold he steadfast, cost what it may, to that which he knows to be right, in the end he will have won the esteem of friend or lover—be they worthy the name—and he, and they, will know that he has been a man—a title than which there is none greater.

Because of his low degree of intelligence, the wrong deed of a savage might cause him little or no remorse; whereas, were one of

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high intellect to commit a like act, he would bring upon himself the goading censure of a guilty conscience, which he would have to carry about, and to the din of which he could not close his ear.

It might be argued then that, if by having a low degree of intelligence one would escape mental punishment, it were folly to be wise. Let it be stated that as the swing of a pendulum must reach as far the one way as it does the other, likewise the ignorance that deadens my sense of remorse must, to a like extent, kill my conception of joy, and debar me from those higher planes of understanding that make life worth the living, and without which I must class with the savage. I can not escape myself. And though clear discernment of joy must needs include a keen sensitiveness to suffering, yet I will choose the clear conception, for it means growth. Pain and joy are invaluable, both, to him who would learn. "Life could have withheld her lash, but she did not wish me to die in my sleep."

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He who has not suffered has yet to learn whether or not he has sufficient bigness of character to suffer nobly, nor till such time may he claim kinship with those refined natures made only by refined suffering. It is not what happens to a man, but how he takes it that determines his stature as a man.

¶ Only when I too have staggered under a burden equal to the weight he has borne, can I sympathize understandingly with another. And if the load be of crushing proportions, then, too, will the truth it bears in upon me be of equal magnitude, and when the numbness of the pain shall have passed, the truth it imparted will have become a part of me, and I shall be the possessor of wisdom I could not have acquired for a lesser price.

Deep suffering reaches deep into our natures and stings into life qualities hitherto torpid—qualities that a lesser sting would have left still dormant; qualities that, when roused to consciousness, make us think understandingly, hence more kindly, of the ways

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of others; and thinking kindly of others is following the working of a law whereby our own natures must perforce become refined.

¶ To suffer nobly enlarges the heart-space, and, as effect must follow cause, a time will come when peace shall fill such space.



**THE THINKING OF  
THOUGHTS**

***Great men are they who see that  
thoughts rule the world.—Emerson.***



## THE THINKING OF THOUGHTS

*Such as are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind.—Marcus Aurelius.*



O have become a man is to have attained the highest achievement known to man, and the one and only method by which a high degree of manliness is attainable is by the thinking of *refined, elevated, and manly* THOUGHTS to the exclusion of their opposites. Well has it been said, "Thoughts are things." They are most vital things. They, and they alone, are the foundation, the construction, and the completion of every character.

My character is made up of my acts, words and thoughts, as surely as my body is composed of cells, sinews and muscles. Acts and words are controlled absolutely by thoughts. Each word or act must be preceded by the thought that conceived it; hence my thoughts are responsible for my



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character. They *are* my character. They are *Me*.

Though daily I salute him as we pass on the street, not until I am informed as to the kind of thoughts my acquaintance carries in his mind have I a way of knowing how much of a man he is. It is with his mind that a man is big or little, high or low—hence the reason a mental defective is exempt from responsibility for his act. As a mind is, so its owner. If a man's thoughts have a true ring he *feels* true. If they have a false ring he *feels* false, and is, whether or not he show outward sign.

Whatever my title, my superiority, or lack of it, will depend only upon the kind of mind I possess. Mind and character are synonymous. And the kind of mind I possess will depend wholly upon the kind of thoughts I think. You can pay your lover or friend no greater compliment than that you possess a refined, wholesome and elevated mind. You are thereby doubly complimentary, for you infer that he or she has a like mind; and if con-

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## TO LOVERS AND OTHERS

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geniality long continue between you, this must be so.

As is true of the old Scotch saying, "The ornaments of a house are the guests who frequent it," so, too, the ornaments of a mind are the thoughts entertained therein.

¶ It is because I am endowed with the power to think that I am of mankind, and not of the animal family; hence it is the kind of thoughts I think that makes me the kind of man I am.

Ask the murderer what brought about conditions that caused him to commit the crime, and he will tell you it was the thoughts he had permitted to enter and to dwell, unhindered, in his mind—thoughts that grew from anger to hatred, from hatred to murder. And the thief will tell you it was because of his thoughts of theft, should you ask of him why he stole. And inquire of the reformed doer-of-wrong as to what changed him and he will assure you it was the opening of his mind to reform thoughts—thoughts that crowded out and away the old, there

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being no room for both. ¶ It is non-use of his power to rise higher than the animal that keeps man on a level with the brute, or lower. The wisdom God gave me with which to discern between the foods that will do harm to my body and those that will not, He gave me also that with this knowledge I might avoid such thoughts as will harm my mind.

If my character is not the outcome of my thoughts, to whom or what may I lay it? If my thoughts are not my *self*, what is? Take away my power of thought and my body were but a helpless and meaningless thing. "As a man *thinketh* so is he." And none other than myself can think my thoughts for me. I could as well expect a substitute to love for me; or another to eat my portion of food and I thrive physically meanwhile ☪ ☪

As refined manners give grace and dignity to the body, so refined thoughts give grace and dignity to the mind.

Though an undesirable thought may gain

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entrance to my mind uninvited, it will not remain unless entertained; but if I invite and make welcome a thought, as a host a guest, I become responsible for that thought and for the results that accrue from it, and it will come again and will cling to me and will become a part of me.

No less in our *thought*-world than in the world of visible things does like attract like. *Thoughts* entertained do not leave us where they find us. We partake of their quality according to their kind, as milk absorbs the flavor of foods with which it is confined. A thought will have naught in common with him who has not made it welcome a first time. Low thoughts will not tarry in high minds. They resemble in their habits the vulture, who in his search for food craves only that which is putrid, flying wide of the clean and wholesome. Inferior thinking begets incapacity for superior thoughts—worse! lack of desire! ¶ Every invited thought creates, and leaves, as it were, its echo in that mind wherein it is entertained,

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and there this echo is imprisoned from thence on, and though it may seem to have ceased to reverberate, let a second thought of the kind that produced it receive hostage, and again it will be set in motion; as an object in a room will vibrate in unison with a relative tone of a musical instrument, adding, as a consequence, its strength to that of the instrument. The new guest, thus made aware it is not the first of its kind to be entertained by the owner of that mind, will feel more at ease and will prolong its stay, and on departing, it, too, will leave its echo, as might a tramp (be it of that type) for the benefit of his fellows, place his mark on the gatepost of the house in which he has been fed. In like manner, refined and noble thoughts, previously made welcome, will set at ease new arrivals of their kind; and thus the making of a life is under way. ¶ Not a childlike innocence, or ignorance, of evil is a safeguard against evil. Nor yet is the knowledge that evil is possible to me, a bulwark. But the knowing *why* evil is evil

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—the price it will demand, *and will collect*, for the time I have harbored it, is the knowledge that will protect me if I will but let it.

¶ When I permit evil—be it act, word, or thought—to enter my abode, I knowingly invite a thief, cunning in his craft, to steal from me. And unlike other thieves, evil will not enter until permitted. And in accord with the law of cause and effect, evil must steal from me, else it were not evil. And the thing of which I am robbed is character—the only medium of exchange by which love may be had, hence the most valuable of my possessions ♣ ♣

Evil, to be evil, must feed on *good*. No other food will sustain it. Deprive it of this nourishment and it will starve, and will become as naught, as does a night fog vanish with the coming of day and the sun. It is evil conditions that bring about evil, not evil, the conditions. The carrion attracts the vulture, not the vulture the dead carcass.

¶ My thoughts, good or otherwise, are the materials of which my character is being

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built, and I am the architect by whom these materials are selected. Thoughts are seeds, the plans of which are acts; the fruit is habit; the harvest, character; the returns are *ourselves*.

Within the walls of my mind is stored my past—my *self*—a self that even God can not make not to have been. My present self is most like the thoughts I have entertained most—no higher. But, though I can not un-play the part I have taken, I can select a new role. And the length of time, and the sincerity with which I take the new part, in that measure will the old regime have been redeemed.

To dislodge a thought that would take shape in our mind—a thought you would be unwilling to introduce to your friends as a guest of ours—instantly ignore its presence and crowd it out with a big, strong, noble thought, even as you would ignore a vicious and impudent character, should he accost you on the street.

Do not try to coax a thought to leave;

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immediately it will see its advantage and refuse to vacate. Should it leave by coaxing, but a little while, and slyly it will return with cunningly devised excuses as to why it should be admitted.

The ancient Indian believed that the strength of an enemy slain by him entered into himself and became a part of his own strength. That the strength of every harm-producing thought will be added to the strength of character of him who slays that thought will not be questioned. It will be added to that strength which enables him to say No! when his wiser self tells him it is the right word to say.

The thoughts I permit to roam unhindered in my mind are creating, day by day, my real self; they are determining my desirableness as a companion—my rightful claim of kinship with those minds of whatsoever degree of nobleness my worth will equal. They are building the character that will win or lose for me when I meet face to face those issues of life, the outcome of which is



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most vital to me. In fact, it will be my character that faces those issues, and if I shall have built wisely, the reserve power I have previously stored away will come to the front at times of moment to me and will act for me—will act in spite of me—and I shall be amazed at the strength I had forgotten I possessed.

Not only do thoughts build or un-build character, but they build into your life work success or failure, whatsoever be the vocation you have chosen. Success-thoughts are followed by success-acts, and failure-thoughts, by failure-acts. You can not think the one and act the other. And you can not act either without the result being in keeping with the action. Success or failure is not brought about by conditions outside of yourself, but by inner conditions. You can not get more out of your life than you yourself have put into it.

If a something deep in my heart tells me I am right in what I ask, then a something deep in the heart of him of whom I ask, will

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tell him my claim is just; and if I attempt fraud, though I use the same words in my speech, a something within him to whom I speak will detect the artifice.

Let a man know he is right in a fight for honor and he will give his life and count not the cost. A voice within tells him the saving of his life would cost more.

And let a man face an adversary, knowing his claims are false, and though the lie be most cunningly masked, before the fatal blow his soul will force him to turn and run that he may not die ere so deformed a life were mended.

It is what we put of ourselves into our work, be we weaver or warrior, that gives it excellence. If excellence be not forthcoming from within ourselves, then will our work show the lack.

It is not the technique acquired at the conservatory that puts into the voice of the violin its passionate tenderness—the quality that brings that ache to the tightened throat and wells tears to the eyes of him who

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listens, be it he has learned to hear—it is because the player has within himself these qualities. They are a part of him, else the violin were mute, and 't were but a fiddle did sound. They are bigness, and gentleness, and compassion, and pity—are these qualities—and happiness, and pain, and regret, and repented mistakes, and dead hopes, and hopes alive, and satisfied love, and love unsatisfied, and success, and failure, and disappointment, and heartaches, bitter, despondent heartaches—having been staggered and dazed by Fate's ruthlessness, and having forgiven Fate. It is all of these blended—smelted into character—that have crept into the exquisitely plaintive, tender, passionate, humanized cry of the violin that has given it soul.

And if qualities akin to those of the player be lacking in the breast of him who listens, then is he like unto the receiving-appliance of the wireless, which, when not attuned to the instrument that sends the word, must fail to record the message, though it pass

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close to his ear. ¶ If at sound of music of deep meaning your throat tightens and unbidden tears come, be glad, for you are of finer fiber than were you unmoved.

If when seeing a great actor in a noble part; or when, in real life you witness a fearless, generous act, like that of a man of iron heart who springs in front of a runaway team, seizing the crazed animals that he may save the lives of others, thinking not of his own; or the good deed of one who pityingly lifts from the gutter an ill-dressed, blear-eyed woman and rescues her from the gaze of the jeering bystanders—if at sight of these things your throat tightens and tears dim your eyes, be glad, for you are farther on your way than if the ache and the tears came not.

No more true is it that "murder will out," than that nobleness will out; but it first must have been built within, else it were not there to come out. It is the *brave* in a man coming out that makes him, intuitively, regardless of danger to self, do a daring and

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noble act when occasion presents; the deed is done before he is scarce aware of his action; it does itself. Nobleness will not be denied its rights; it must and will give vent in action, that it may prove its genuineness. And as the brave in a man will out, so, too, will each and every other trait of character—these children of the mind—nor will they be hindered; they have been given birth, and they will *take* their right to life, and they were conceived and born, whatever their species, in no other way than by the thinking of thoughts conducive to their kind.

¶ There comes a time in the life of a man when a beautifully furnished house becomes of less importance, and the possession of a well-furnished mind increases in value. When looking back over the road he has come, as, more and more, one finds oneself doing as the trail lengthens and lengthens behind him—when looking back over this road one sees here and there along the way, acts of kindness, helpfulness, bigness, love; in a word, all the many acts of manliness a

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man finds awaiting to be done, and by him, along the road he travels, he finds that not only was the doing of these deeds a reward, and a man-builder, at the time he did them, but that the having done them is still a part of him—a fact he could not remove if he would. And each time his mind flashes back to him pictures of these acts, as minds are wont to do, the knowledge that it was he who pictured them is still a reward—a continuous reward, as it were. And should there appear among the masterpieces on the walls of his Past, productions of the second, or third class, as such are wont to do, mayhap he thereby will bethink him to be not unkind in his criticism of the bad selection made by another in the furnishings of his Past. Then will he, by this act, have added to his own collection a sketch having in it not a little of worth.

What in these pages applies to lovers applies to others, if there be others, and holds true with the Great Law that has given to mankind as his birthright the power,

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and the privilege, without limitation, to love and to become lovable; that Law which says, "In degree as you increase your lovable-ness, as an inevitable result, Love shall flow to you."

If you would be permitted ownership of a big love, build character. If you would acquire character, build refined, elevated and noble thoughts, else you will have striven in vain. Through all time we shall be our own results—the results of the thoughts we have housed as guests.

That in your birthright of highest worth is the right *not* to lessen the value of yourself. Be assured, the having been steadfast is the test.

¶ Life's biggest and noblest part is Love; give to the role your best, though it kill you; to cheat will do worse; it will kill Love. If there is a love higher, more sacred to the Maker of mankind than the love of mankind for mankind, of lover for lover, we shall come to it in good time. While yet men, we shall do well to love as men. Only by first loving as men can we fit ourselves to love as gods.

# **THE FINDING OF GOD**



***“There is no darkness but ignorance.  
There is no light but intelligence.”***



## THE FINDING OF GOD

*The divine is everywhere perfectly present; his real temple is in the mind of the wise; only they who know God aright can worship him aright.—Written by Porphyrius to his wife, Marcella, in A. D. 304.*



WHEN I say God I mean that incomprehensible cause that gave me life, and consciousness, and a conscience. ¶ The gods that have been conceived by the human race since its beginning have been many and of great variety. And always the word God has stood for the greatest power and highest intelligence. The fact that great improvements over the earlier gods have been made is due only to the fact that now and then, here and there, back through the centuries there would be found a man who today would be known by the many as a thinker, and by the few as a heretic, whereas in his time he was known by the many as a heretic and by the few as a thinker; hence

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the slow development of a god acceptable to those who think and who, if needs be, are willing to be known by the few as thinkers, though the many may class them as heretics.

¶ And the peoples of each century have looked back on the one preceding it and have said, "Surely we have made great advancement over our forefathers." (And they had.)

And the peoples of each century have said—and have believed it—"At last we have arrived at the top of knowledge concerning God" (they cast into prison the man who said the earth was round).

And this process of evolution will go on in this way during the coming ages, and it is well that this is so, for there are many vital truths pertaining to God that, as yet, in the minds of men, are vague and distorted.

¶ And that there is yet much to be learned about God is not strange, when ye consider the length of time God has been in existence, in comparison with the brief space we have lived ☛ ☛

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That the peoples of former centuries were sincere in their beliefs concerning their respective gods is not questioned, yet this fact has had no weight toward converting to the earlier beliefs, those of following centuries. This is because Truth, the great enlightener, has crept into the human race when, and where, it has found a receptive mind. In degree as truth enters, error departs. The fittest survives.

Truth may be likened to a searchlight whose rays are thrown against a darkened house; open the door, but a crevice, and instantly the light will enter; open wide, the interior is flooded.

The rust that makes the doors of men's minds so reluctant to open to thoughts with which they are not familiar, is composed of a number of elements, chief of which are fear, mental laziness, and mistaken loyalty; fear of a future punishment, if I should have the audacity to entertain thoughts that differ from those which in childhood I was taught were the only thoughts safe to enter-

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tain, on the subjects of God and Heaven and Hell; laziness, because my mind is too indolent, though otherwise capable, to use the reasoning power with which I was endowed, preferring to rest content with the self assurance that what was good enough for my forefathers is good enough for me, or, that which keeps me back may be laid at the door of mistaken loyalty—loyalty to ideals that are false—a kind of loyalty that shrinks at the thought of differing from the teachers that seemed so great and noble when I was a child, and who, without question, were honest in their beliefs and loyal to the teachings of their instructors.

¶ The wise school teacher, after graduating his pupil, tells him to go farther and to learn more and still more; not so the makers of creeds; instead, they tell us that we will be on dangerous ground should we take one mental step farther than our respective creed permits us to go.

It is necessary that I go from one creed to another and more advanced creed, that I

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may acquire a larger knowledge of God as it is that I go from the fourth reader to the fifth in order to attain a more accurate knowledge of the art of reading, and by going from the fourth reader to the fifth does not imply that the fourth has not played an important and beneficial part in advancing me in the study I am pursuing.

No human mind is capable of grasping, even in a small way, the inconceivable vastness of the universe. To bring a little nearer to our mental vision the immensity of its proportions, let us imagine it were possible for a mighty airship to fly from this earth to the farthestmost star visible through the most powerful telescope, and when it had reached the star in question suppose its crew levelled their glass on another star, as far distant as was the first, and then journeyed thither, and so on from one star to the next farthest in view, and always in a straight line, and imagine that this powerful craft could fly a thousand miles a minute, and that it had flown from star to star, not only

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for one or two million years, but for billions of ages; we then have remaining the cold and calm fact that this vessel of the air is no nearer the last star in the universe than it was the first day out. And when we consider this, this thing we call time is as hoary with age as the universe is vast, and that no part of space has at any time been without God, and never can be, should we say that they are to be considered as dangerous to the community in which they live, who, through their God-given reason have been compelled to change their conception of the Creator of a universe of such magnitude, from a corporal and personal God who, as they were taught, sits on a throne in the sky, to a God whose form is not picturable to the mind's eye, because the latter seems to their intelligence more in keeping, as the Creator and perpetuator of a universe so vast that it had no beginning and will have no end?

I prayed to God to keep a promise

When strength to break it was my great need.

Nor by their deductions do they disbelieve

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in the necessity of a God, both for the welfare of the individual and for the safety of the universe, but they believe that what is imperative to man is not whether God conforms to this or that conception of Him, but that the *extent of man's consciousness of, and co-operation with, the God within is the thing vital to him.*

The awe-compelling Grand Canyon of Arizona, perchance bathed in the splendor of a Western sunset, thus completing a spectacle beyond words to describe, is the same to me, whatever may have been the nature of the God that brought it into being. Not its origin, is my concern, but to what extent do I comprehend the sublime result of this work of some invisible hand, so big with wonder that beholding it my tightened throat will not let me speak, and my only language is tears—a silent language than which no other could pay so high a tribute to the silent grandeur that had inspired them. What matters it whether the God who brought about this miracle is a personal



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God, or otherwise; it has moved me to tears; is not that enough?

The violin does not ask in whose hand it is held, if only it may sing its song, nor shall I inquire who the player, if only it may have fallen to my lot to be sufficiently alive that my emotions vibrate in unison with its wondrous tones. That I vibrate is sufficient.

¶ To appreciate the marble masterpiece, it is not essential that I have seen the hand that plied the mallet and chisel.

In degree, as the creed to which I adhere is a creed of dogma, then to that extent must my God be a dogma-god.

If, instead of a creed written by men, in the pages of a book, the meaning of which was not clear to the men who wrote it—(else so many, and different, one from another, would not have been written) I take for my creed what I can discern of the wonders God has written into His fields, and mountains, and if in my creed I include honor, and love, and lack of fear of any other creed, then it will not matter though I know not the cause

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of which these things are the marvelous effect, and though I can not fathom its origin I shall be quite content that I may comprehend, in some measure, the result of this mighty mystery of which God has made me a part.

Is it not enough that I have been given the unhindered privilege to drink in the charm of it all; to sense the perfume of the woods and to feel the soft summer winds on my face, and that in my heart is the desire to be kind? That I am a part of the great marvel will each day be my heaven, and my life will be my prayer.

Instead of making it my first and paramount duty to learn of another world, God has let me study the loveliness of this one, because it fits my *human* needs, *now*; because I can comprehend its meaning to some extent, and do not feel a stranger to it, as I do to the world to which I shall sojourn after a while, and with which I shall become acquainted after my arrival there, which will be ample time ♫ ♫

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The heaven described in books has never appealed to me, and their hells have only aroused a feeling of pity for the ignorance and knavery that concocted them.

"Not one holy day, but seven. Worshiping, not at the call of a bell, but at the call of my soul. Loving, because I must. Giving, for the joy of it."

If I am not brought nearer to God by the creed He has written into His great out-of-doors and by the silent, wordless creed He has placed within my breast, which tells me far more accurately when I am acting the man—and when I am not—than any outer power can do; then to have learned by heart all the man-made creeds that have yet been written, and to have lived up to them to the letter will not have brought me nearer to Him ☛ ☛

And whatever my creed, if I adhere to its teachings only through fear of a future punishment, should I act contrary to its instructions, then I am living under a police system only, and my apparent sincereness

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is not real, but imitation; and I have yet to discover that truth so indispensable to my larger knowledge of God's laws, which tells me there can be no punishment greater than that caused by the keen, *inner* realization that I am guilty of the thing of which my soul accuses me; that the guilty man is whipped by the guilt in whose hand he, himself, has placed the lash.

If my heart goes out to the cripple, fighting his way through life against such heavy odds; or to the blind, forced to depend on a helping hand that he may not be run down by the thoughtless throng; and if by my act I make him forget, for the moment, his ill-shapen body, or blinded eyes, and I make him know that I am his brother, then my reward is that I have been the carrier of a God-sent message; and if I would ask more, then I have made myself unworthy the privilege entrusted to me. And be it known that though God had the power to create a universe, He has no way of sending His message to the blind or crippled, except it be carried

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by the compassion in a *human* heart. Compassion for the blind, or crippled, IS God. And that heart in which compassion is not, neither will God be there, though the owner of that heart adhere to all the forms, of all the dogma-religions in their entirety.

When " I love because I must, give because I can not keep, am kind for the joy of it " then have I done much toward the finding of God. But if I go through the form of doing these things, my motive being to gain a heaven in the sky, then heaven is impossible to me, for my heaven is of my own creation and must be in keeping with the architecture employed. And of none other than genuine material can a genuine heaven be builded.

The only worship that could be pleasing to a real God is that a man be a real man, not a barterer ☸ ☸

Why none other than I can build my heaven is, that that which is to be built, or re-built, is *within*, and about which none but I have the necessary knowledge wherewith

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to make the needed changes. I, myself, must work out my salvation, else it will not be worked out.

There will be no element of chance about my Heaven or Hell, or my God or my Love, any more than chance has to do with the law that governs the movements of the universe. It is the same law, for there is but one law.

¶ I will not go to a heaven when I take my departure from here, I will take my heaven where I go. And I will take with me, also, my interpretation of God. No other interpretation will have meaning for me. And, as *through use* my reasoning power enlarges, my prospective of God will widen, and as I advance I will interpret God anew from time to time and always I shall find a God in keeping with my highest conception of Him. The universe is too vast, and Time too long, and God too fathomless for me to be content through eternity in a heaven such as was described to me when a child. Confinement in a heaven one had outgrown would be no less a calamity than imprison-

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ment by any other environment that hinders one's growth.

Much has been written about things supernatural. Being natural, I can not comprehend the supernatural, hence the wisdom of a Creator in giving me an *inner* God—a God within the scope of my understanding. There would be no gain to me of a God beyond my comprehension, else we could not work in unison ☸ ☸

An inner, hence natural, God—a God that might be understood—did not appeal to the leaders of religious cults of the earlier ages, nor would such a God have been acceptable to the common people had they gone so far as to have given the matter a thought; they wanted a mysterious God—a God that could frighten them and one whom they could worship in public places and in a manner spectacular on special occasions; hence much stress was laid on an *outer* and supernatural God, whom neither the leaders nor their followers understood. Therefore the necessity for, and willingness of, the

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common people to be *taught* how to worship in order to be "saved." Never were they instructed to think. In truth their teachers could not, would not, or dared not think, consequently a system of dogma was formulated and the people hypnotized themselves—and one another—into the belief that the daily practice of form would be pleasing to a God in the sky and that this God would give them something in return; and He has. He has given them something as worthless to them as their dogma is worthless to Him. The "treasures" awaiting me will be of the kind I had "laid up."

Such were the childish and distorted beliefs that conceived and nurtured the first germs of superstition; that black fog which, helpless in itself, but fostered by perpetual parentage, has crept around the earth, and has permeated the human race, as rain filters into the ground, penetrating deeper where the soil is more susceptible. And it has kept the ignorant ignorant, and the arrogant arrogant, and has prevented men



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from using the most valuable of the gifts included in their birthright—the right of every man to reason, that by its use he may emerge from this fog and thereby cease to be an underling and become a man—the noblest work of God.

Why so much stress on a God in the sky? If the God within fails to make a man of me, then all the gods that have yet been conceived will fail to make a man of me, for no outer God could explain the law to me more intelligibly, nor could be more exacting in its fulfillment, nor could plead more kindly, nor urge more strongly that I adhere to the laws that makes for manliness, than does this ever-present, non-escapable, inner God.

¶ When a greater God is necessary to me, the Creator of gods will not fail to make this need known to me, nor will He neglect to give me the necessary cue, the following of which will meet my requirements. Only by first acquainting myself with, and hearkening to, the God, God placed within my breast, can I fit myself to comprehend a Mightier God.

SO HERE THEN ENDETH THE GOOD BOOK ENTITLED, "TO LOVERS AND OTHERS," AS WRITTEN BY HARRY C. MORSE AND DONE WITH MUCH JOY INTO A BOOK TO LOVERS AND OTHERS BY THE ROYCROFTERS AT THEIR SHOPS, WHICH ARE IN EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK STATE.











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